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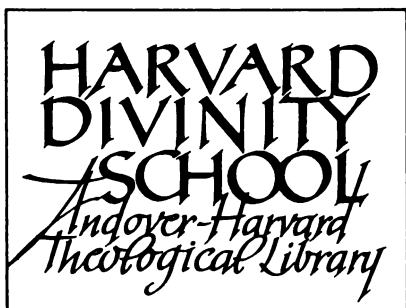
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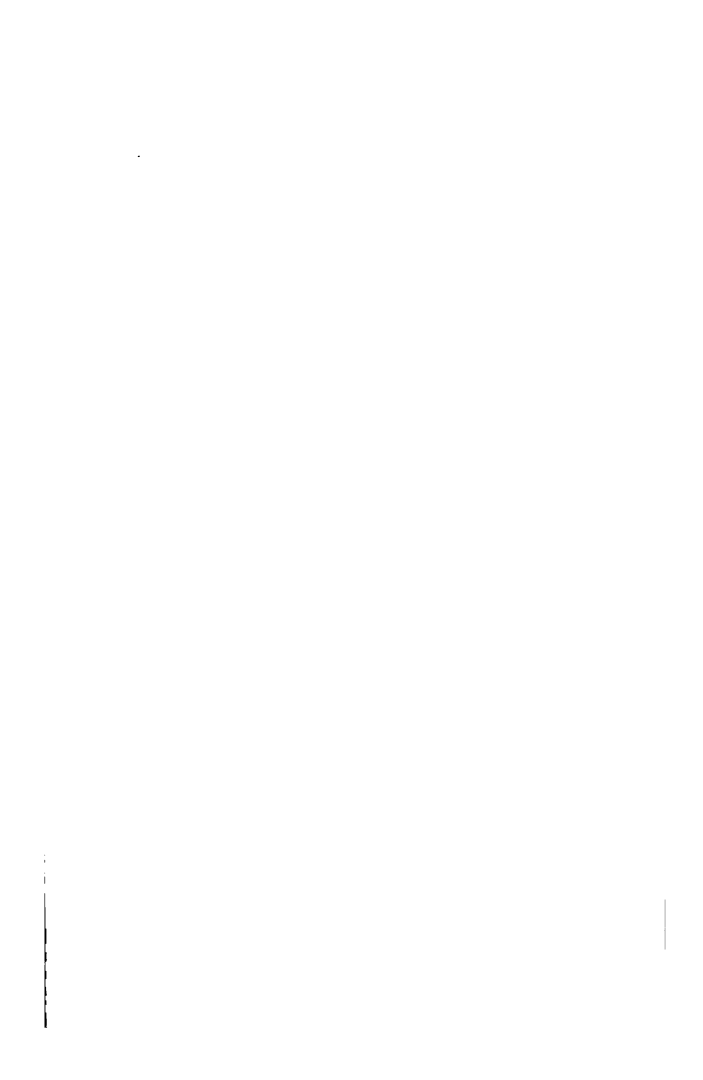
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A
SELECTION
OF
PSALMS AND HYMNS,

BY THE
REV. HENRY CARPENTER, A.B.

MINISTER OF ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH,
LIVERPOOL.

"Teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."—*Col. iii. 16.*

"They were wont to meet together on a stated day, and to sing among themselves a Hymn to Christ as God."—*Pliny's Letter to Trajan.*

"Sometimes at St. Paul's Cross there would be six thousand singing together."—*Burnet's History of the Reformation.*

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TO THE
CONGREGATION
OF
ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, LIVERPOOL,
FOR
WHOSE USE IT WAS PREPARED,
THE
FOLLOWING SELECTION OF PSALMS AND HYMNS
IS
AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

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PREFACE.

IN the Happy Revival of Religion, which has taken place of late years among us, and in which our own Church has so largely participated, Congregational Singing has been attracting a considerable share of attention. Few Congregations are now content to devolve upon three or four Individuals the high privilege and duty, which belong to *every* member, of celebrating with his own heart and lips the praises of the blessed God. We cannot be too thankful for this, because it is an indication of more spiritual life in our Churches. I believe it will be found generally true, that as vital religion has flourished, the singing of Psalms and Hymns has been esteemed a privilege, and improved, as such, by all the servants of Christ. Singing a Hymn was the last act of worship in which our Lord engaged with his Apostles, immediately before his crucifixion. (Matt.

xxvi. 30.) Paul and Silas, too, were in like manner cheered and refreshed in their sufferings by singing praises unto God in the prison at Philippi. (Acts xvi. 25.) And the exhortation of the Apostle James is express;—"Is any merry? let him sing psalms." (Jas. v. 13.)—Teaching us that our most cheerful moments ought to be consecrated to our God, and that *then his* praise is peculiarly appropriate, from *whom* come all our joys. Besides, singing to the Lord at such a season affords a safe vehicle for conducting that exuberance of spirits, which might otherwise betray its possessor (how often has it done so?) into foolish and sinful excesses.

That this exhortation of the Apostle was remembered, and acted upon by Congregations as well as Individuals, in the first ages of the Church, we have the authority of its early writers. But when primitive zeal and love began to decay, and things were hastening on to that lamentable condition, which ended at last in the Great Apostacy, among the worst symptoms of decline we may notice, that religion in the Congregation, gradually ceased to be *personal*, and at length every thing was done

by proxy. They sang *by proxy*; they prayed *by proxy*; and, strangest of all, they ate and drank the Lord's Supper *by proxy*. Instead of meeting together to eat the bread and drink the cup at the Lord's table, where the people were wont to feed in their hearts on Christ Crucified, as their All in All, a Private Mass, by a Priest, was substituted for the Supper of the Lord. Instead of regarding the Minister as the appointed Leader in the Church, through whom they were to give expression to the devotional desires of their own hearts, as in the primitive times, (1 Cor. xiv. 16.)—they considered him as their Substitute, and slothfully and sinfully bore no part themselves in the Public Supplications of the Church. Instead of viewing the Singers in the Congregation simply as the *Leaders*, whom all ought to *follow*,—as the Conductors, to give the key-note to the rest,—they were looked upon as Deputies, and Congregational Singing disappeared. Thus, when every heart and tongue ought to be ascending upward to the Throne of Grace, in that path of praise in which the Choir led the way, all were mute and unmoved, and the Lord

on high no longer received the incense of adoring praise from his professed worshippers, assembled at his footstool.

It is a cause of thankfulness that this Romish system of proxy worship is fast passing away from our Protestant people; and it is to be hoped that the day is not far distant, when every lingering vestige of it will be effaced, and this reproach of Christianity be wiped away from every Congregation which *protests* against the corruptions of that System in which it was matured.

In the Congregation with which I am myself more immediately connected, I have the happiness to observe among many a growing sense of the privilege and duty of Congregational Singing; and it is the united desire and hope of my respected Colleague and myself, that this may continue to increase till not a voice, old or young, shall be silent when the Responses of our impressive Liturgy are repeated, and the High Praises of our Lord and Saviour are sung. This will be found no little aid to devotion, and contribute, under the Divine blessing, to spread the flame of holy desire among our people. And it is

when devotion is kindled in our Congregations,—when all our hearts burn within us,—when every voice is lifted up in Praise,—it is then they, each of them, present some faint Type of the Great Congregation above.

To facilitate and encourage Congregational Singing in my own Church, this Selection was undertaken,—the want of some such book being felt by many. The Psalms, thirty-four in number, are taken from the version of Tate and Brady, which is commonly bound up with our Prayer Books. Of the Hymns, which amount to one hundred and twenty-eight, most of them will be familiar to all acquainted with Hymns. Their praise has been long in the Church of Christ. Many a saint have they cheered on his way to glory, in life, and in death; and to their Brethren who survive, they are affording refreshment every day, as they travel in the same path to everlasting life. In this way they are endeared to us by a thousand interesting recollections; and while the Eternal Truths they embody come to our hearts with unabated freshness, the associations with which they are linked will often serve to

awaken former trains of feeling, sometimes painful, sometimes joyous, but profitable withal, either to humble us under the sense of our transgressions, or to animate us to perseverance and hope. On this account, not to name other motives, how important to have the minds of the Young stored with Hymns and Portions of Scripture.

I have prefixed an appropriate Text of Scripture to each Hymn. A Table of those Texts will be found immediately after the Table of First Lines.

I have only to add my earnest Prayer, that the Great Head of the Church will be pleased to continue his blessing on the use of these Psalms and Hymns, which he has so often acknowledged before, to the comfort and edification of his people. May He fill with his Spirit all who may use them, that they may "sing with the spirit" and "with the understanding" also, "singing and making melody in their hearts unto the Lord." (1 Cor. xiv. 15. Eph. v. 19.)

St. Michael's, June 8, 1838.

TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

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QUEEN ELIZABETH'S INJUNCTIONS TO THE CLERGY, 1559.
 —“ For the comforting of such as delight in Music, it may
 “ be permitted, that in the beginning or in the end of Common
 “ Prayer, either at morning or evening, there may be sung
 “ an Hymn, or such like song, to the praise of Almighty God,
 “ in the best melody and music that may be conveniently de-
 “ vised, having respect that the sentence of the Hymn may
 “ be understood and perceived.”

Sparrow. Collect. Art. Can. 4to. 1684.

PSALMS.

PSALM 1.

- 1 How blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk ;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk.
- 2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight ;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.
- 3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.
- 4 For God approves the just man's ways,
To happiness they tend ;
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

PSALM 5.

- 1 LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
Accept my secret pray'r ;
To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.
- 2 Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear ;
And with the dawning day
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.
- 3 And when thy boundless grace shall me
To thy lov'd courts restore,
On thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
And humbly there adore.
- 4 O let all those who trust in thee
With shouts their joy proclaim ;
Let them rejoice whom thou preserv'st,
And all that love thy name.

PSALM 8.

- 1 O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Thro' all the world how great art thou !
How glorious is thy name !
- 2 In heav'n thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there ;
And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

- 3 When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
 Employs my wond'ring sight;
 The moon that nightly rules the sky,
 With stars of feebler light;
- 4 What's man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st
 To keep him in thy mind?
 Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
 To them so wondrous kind?
- 5 O thou, to whom all creatures bow, &c.

PSALM 9.

- 1 To celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
 I will my heart prepare;
 To all the list'ning world thy works,
 Thy wondrous works declare.
- 2 The thought of them shall to my soul
 Exalted pleasure bring;
 Whilst to thy name, O thou Most High,
 Triumphant praise I sing.
- 3 All those who have his goodness prov'd,
 Will in his truth confide;
 Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
 That on his help relied.
- 4 Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,
 From Sion, his abode;
 Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
 Confess no other God.

PSALM 16.

- 1 PROTECT me from my cruel foes,
And shield me, Lord, from harm,
Because my trust I still repose
On thy almighty arm.
- 2 I strive each action to approve
To his all-seeing eye:
No danger shall my hopes remove,
Because he still is nigh.
- 3 Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice;
My flesh shall rest in hope to rise,
Wak'd by his pow'rful voice.
- 4 Thou shalt the paths of life display,
That to thy presence lead;
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade.

PSALM 18.

- 1 No change of times shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

- 2 Thou my deliv'rer art, my God;
My trust is in thy mighty pow'r :
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tow'r.
- 3 To thee I will address my pray'r,
To whom all praise we justly owe ;
So shall I, by thy watchful care,
Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.
- 4 To heav'n I made my mournful pray'r,
To God address'd my humble moan ;
Who graciously inclin'd his ear,
And heard me from his lofty throne.

PSALM 19.

- 1 THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill ;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.
- 2 The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings ;
And from the dark returns of night
Divine instruction springs.
- 3 Their doctrine does its sacred sense
Through earth's extent display ;
Whose bright contents the circling sun
Does round the world convey.

- 4 From east to west, from west to east,
His restless course he goes ;
And through his progress cheerful light
And vital warmth bestows.

PSALM 21.

- 1 THE king, O Lord, with songs of praise
Shall in thy strength rejoice ;
With thy salvation crown'd, shall raise
To heav'n his cheerful voice.
- 2 For thou, whate'er his lips request,
Not only dost impart ;
But hast with thy acceptance blest
The wishes of his heart.
- 3 Thy goodness and thy tender care
Have all his hopes outgone ;
A crown of gold thou mad'st him wear,
And sett'st it firmly on.
- 4 Because the king on God alone
For timely aid relies ;
His mercy still supports his throne,
And all his wants supplies.

PSALM 23.

- 1 THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide ;
The Shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

- 2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose ;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.
- 3 He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.
- 4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free ;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.
- 5 Since God does thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

PSALM 25.

- 1 To God in whom I trust,
I lift my heart and voice :
Oh, let me not be put to shame,
Nor let my foes rejoice.
- 2 To me thy truth impart,
And lead me in thy way :
For thou art he that brings me help :
On thee I wait all day.

- 3 Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by thee ;
And for thy wond'rous goodness' sake,
In mercy think on me.
- 4 His mercy, and his truth,
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wand'ring sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.

PSALM 34.

- 1 THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name ;
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.
- 4 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide,
How bless'd they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

PSALM 40.

- 1 I WAITED meekly for the Lord,
Till he vouchsaf'd a kind reply ;
Who did his gracious ear afford,
And heard from heav'n my humble cry.
- 2 He took me from the dismal pit,
When founder'd deep in miry clay ;
On solid ground he plac'd my feet,
And suffer'd not my steps to stray.
- 3 The wonders he for me has wrought
Shall fill my mouth with songs of praise ;
And others, to his worship brought,
To hopes of like deliv'rance raise.
- 4 Who can the wondrous works recount,
Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought ;
The treasures of thy love surmount,
The pow'r of numbers, speech, and thought.

PSALM 42.

- 1 As pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase ;
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine :
O ! when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine ?

- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Trust God, who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.
- 4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul? &c.

PSALM 44.

- 1 O LORD, our fathers oft have told
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days perform'd,
And elder times than theirs.
- 2 'Twas not their courage, nor their sword
To them possession gave;
Nor strength, that from unequal force
Their fainting troops could save.
- 3 As thee their God our fathers own'd,
Thou art our sov'reign King;
O therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliv'rance bring.
- 4 To thee the triumph we ascribe,
From whom the conquest came;
In God we will rejoice all day,
And ever bless his name.

PSALM 51.

- 1 HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

- 2 Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin ;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.
- 3 Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgress'd, and tho' condemn'd,
Must own thy judgment right.
- 4 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view ;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew ;
- 5 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight ;
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
Its everlasting flight.

PSALM 66.

- 1 LET all the lands with shouts of joy
To God their voices raise ;
Sing psalms in honour of his name
And spread his glorious praise.
- 2 Through all the earth the nations round
Shall thee their God confess ;
And with glad hymns their awful dread
Of thy great name express.

3 O come, behold the works of God,
And then with me you'll own,
That he to all the sons of men
Has wondrous judgments shown.

4 He by his pow'r for ever rules ;
His eyes the world survey ;
Let no presumptuous man rebel
Against his sov'reign sway.

PSALM 67.

1 To bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline ;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine.

2 That so thy wondrous ways
May through the world be known,
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

4 O let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth,
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

5 Let diff'ring nations join, &c.

PSALM 80.

- 1 O ISRAEL'S Shepherd, Joseph's Guide,
Our pray'rs to thee vouchsafe to hear ;
Thou that dost on the cherubs ride,
Again in solemn state appear.
- 2 Do thou convert us, Lord ; do thou
The lustre of thy face display ;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.
- 3 O thou, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How long shall thy fierce anger burn ?
How long thy suff'ring people pray,
And to their pray'rs have no return ?
- 4 Do thou convert us, Lord ; do thou, &c.

PSALM 84.

- 1 O GOD of Hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place,
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st
The brightness of thy face !
- 2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode ;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.
- 3 O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display !

- 4 For in thy courts one single day
Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides
A thousand years to spend.

PSALM 90.

- 1 O LORD, the saviour and defence
Of us thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been
Our sure abiding place.
- 2 To satisfy and cheer our souls
Thy early mercy send ;
That we may all our days to come .
In joy and comfort spend.
- 3 Let thy bright rays upon us shine ;
Give thou our work success :
The glorious work we have in hand
Do thou vouchsafe to bless.

PSALM 93.

- 1 WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.
- 2 How surely 'stablish'd is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see !
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high ;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.
- 4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure ;
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

PSALM 95.

- 1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King ;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our Salvation's Rock we praise.
- 2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past ;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.
- 3 For God, the Lord, enthron'd in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great ;
A King, superior far to all
Whom gods the heathen falsely call.
- 4 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

PSALM 99.

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns ; let, therefore, all
The guilty nations quake ;
On cherubs' wings he sits enthron'd ;
Let earth's foundation shake.
- 2 On Sion's hill he keeps his court,
His palace makes her tow'rs ;
Yet thence his sov'reignty extends
Supreme o'er earthly pow'rs.
- 3 Therefore exalt the Lord our God ;
Before his footstool fall ;
And with his unresisted might
His holiness extol.
- 4 With worship, at his sacred courts
Exalt our God and Lord ;
For he, who only holy is,
Alone should be ador'd.

PSALM 100.

- 1 WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise ;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.
- 2 Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

- 4 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

PSALM 104.

- 1 How various, Lord, thy works are found ;
For which thy wisdom we adore !
The earth is with thy treasure crown'd,
Till nature's hand can grasp no more.
- 2 Thus, through successive ages, stands
Firm fix'd thy providential care ;
Pleas'd with the work of thy own hands,
Thou dost the wastes of time repair.
- 3 In praising God, while he prolongs
My breath, I will that breath employ ;
And join devotion to my songs,
Sincere, as is in him my joy.

PSALM 108.

- 1 O GOD, my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy name ;
My tongue with cheerful songs of praise
Shall celebrate thy fame.

- 2 To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell;
And to those nations sing thy praise
That round about us dwell.
- 3 Be thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious Name.
- 4 That all thy chosen people thee
Their saviour may declare:
Let thy right hand protect me still,
And answer thou my pray'r.

PSALM 119.

- 1 How shall the young preserve their ways
From all pollution free?
By making still their course of life
With thy commands agree.
- 2 Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
Thy word, my treasure, lies;
To succour me with timely aid,
When sinful thoughts arise.
- 3 Secur'd by that, my grateful soul
Shall ever bless thy name:
O teach me then by thy just laws
My future life to frame!

PSALM 121.

- 1 To Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid;
From Sion's hill, and Sion's God,
Who heav'n and earth has made.
- 2 Then thou, my soul, in safety rest,
Thy guardian will not sleep;
His watchful care, that Israel guards,
Will Israel's monarch keep.
- 3 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage
Safe to thy journey's end.

PSALM 122.

- 1 O 'T'WAS a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day.
- 2 At Salem's courts we must appear
With our assembled pow'rs,
In strong and beauteous order rang'd,
Like her united tow'rs.
- 3 'Tis thither, by divine command,
The tribes of God repair,
Before his ark to celebrate
His name with praise and pray'r.

PSALM 125.

- 1 WHO place on Sion's God their trust,
Like Sion's rock shall stand ;
Like her immovably be fix'd
By his almighty hand.
- 2 Look how the hills on ev'ry side
Jerusalem enclose ;
So stands the Lord around his saints,
To guard them from their foes.
- 3 All those who walk in crooked paths
The Lord shall soon destroy ;
Cut off th' unjust, but crown the saints
With lasting peace and joy.

PSALM 130.

- 1 FROM lowest depths of woe
To God I sent my cry ;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.
- 2 My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord ;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.
- 3 My longing eyes look out
For thy enliv'ning ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.

- 4 Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds his mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from whence
Eternal succour flows.

PSALM 137.

- 1 WHEN we, our weary limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts opprest,
And Sion was our mournful theme.
- 2 Our harps, that when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow trees that withered there.
- 3 How shall we tune our voice to sing?
Or touch our harps with skilful hands?
Shall hymns of joy, to God our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?
- 4 O Salem, our once happy seat!
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The speaking strings with art to move!

PSALM 139.

- 1 THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

- 2 Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand,
On every side I find thy hand !
O skill, for human reach too high !
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !
- 3 If I the morning's wings could gain,
And fly beyond the western main,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 4 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurks in any part ;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

PSALM 150.

- 1 O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place,
From whence his goodness largely flows ;
Praise him in heav'n, where he his face
Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.
- 2 Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf has done ;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.
- 3 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ :
Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

GLORIA PATRI.

C. M.

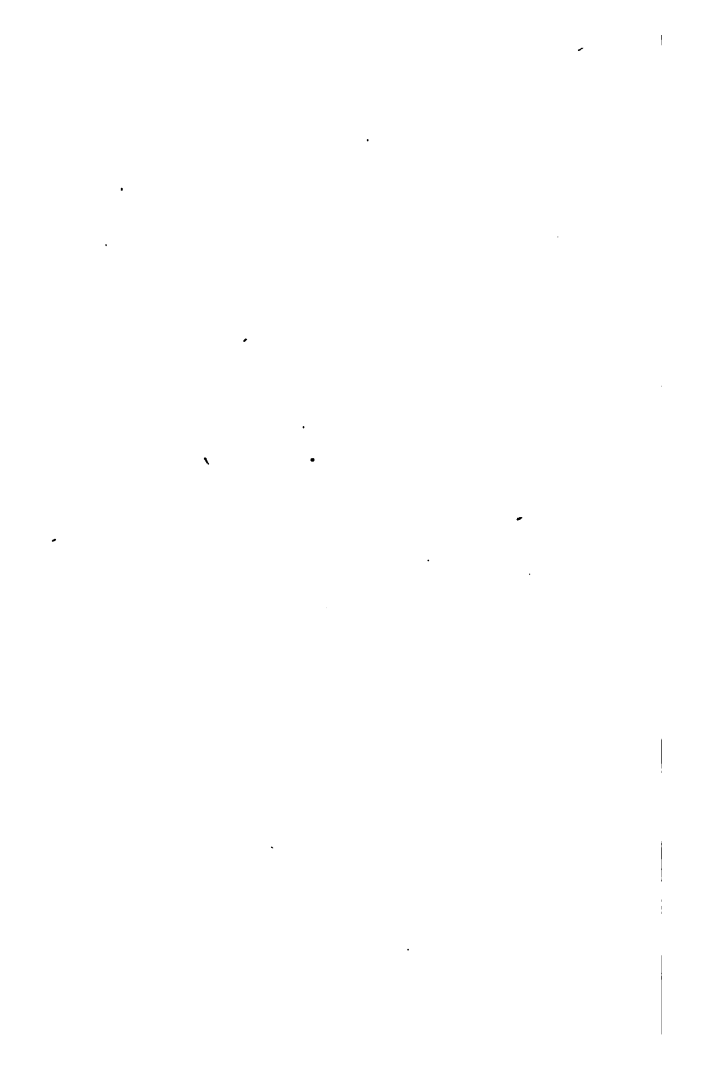
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

As the 25th Psalm.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

As the 100th Psalm.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heav'n adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now and shall be evermore.



HYMNS.

HYMN 1. C. M.

"And they sung a new song before the throne."

Rev. xiv. 3.

- 1 COME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand, thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 2. P. M.

"I will make them joyful in my house of prayer."
Isa. lvi. 7.

- 1 I'M glad I ever saw the day,
Sing glory, glory, glory,
In which we met to sing and pray,
Sing glory, glory, glory.
'Tis glory's foretaste makes me sing
Of glory, glory, glory,
And praise my Saviour and my King,
Like those in glory, glory.
- 2 I hope to praise him when I die,
Sing glory, glory, glory ;
And shout salvation as I fly
To glory, glory, glory.
I'll sing while mounting through the air,
Of glory, glory, glory ;
Then meet my Father's children there,
In glory, glory, glory.
- 3 Come on, my friends, let's mend our pace
To glory, glory, glory ;
And we shall see him face to face,
In glory, glory, glory ;
With Abram, Isaac, Jacob too,
Who live in glory, glory.
Let's keep the blessed prize in view,
'Tis glory, glory, glory.
- 4 A few more rising suns at most,
Sing glory, glory, glory,
Will land us safe on Canaan's coast,
In glory, glory, glory.

Upon Mount Zion we shall meet,
In glory, glory, glory ;
Then cast our crowns beneath his feet,
In glory, glory, glory.

- 5 Come, sinners, come along with us,
To glory, glory, glory ;
There's room enough in that blest place,
Where Jesus dwells in glory.
Believe, repent, seek holiness,
And glory, glory, glory ;
For God doth freely give us grace,
And glory, glory, glory.

HYMN 3. L. M.

*" I laid me down and slept ; I awaked ; for the Lord
sustained me."—Psal. iii. 5.*

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Glory to thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept :
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.
- 3 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

- 4 Direct, control, suggest this day,
Whate'er I do, whate'er I say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 4. C. M.

"The Lord is risen."—Luke xxiv. 34.

- 1 THIS is the day when Christ arose,
So early from the dead;
Why should I keep my eyelids clos'd,
And waste my hours in bed?
- 2 This is the day when Jesus broke
The powers of death and hell;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well?
- 3 To-day, with pleasure, Christians meet,
To pray and hear thy word;
And I will go, with cheerful feet,
To learn thy will, O Lord.
- 4 I'll leave my sins, I'll read and pray,
And so prepare for heav'n:
O! may I love this blessed day,
The best of all the seven.

HYMN 5. C. M.

"My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord."
Psal. v. 3.

- 1 THROUGH all the dangers of the night, ○
Preserv'd, O Lord, by thee,
Again we hail the cheerful light,
Again we bow the knee.
- 2 Preserve us, Lord, throughout the day,
And guide us by thine arm !
For *they* are safe, and *only* they,
Whom thou preserv'st from harm.
- 3 Let all our words and all our ways
Declare that we are thine ;
That so the light of truth and grace
Before the world may shine.
- 4 Let us ne'er turn away from thee ;
Dear Saviour, hold us fast,
Till with immortal eye we see
Thy glorious face at last.

HYMN 6. L. M.

"Evening and morning will I pray."—Psal. lv. 17. ✓

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I ere I sleep at peace may be.

- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed,
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious in the judgment day.
- 4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 7. L. M.

"Enter into his courts with praise."—Psal. c. 4.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
Oh! may my heart in tune be found
Like David's harp, of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine;
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

- 4 And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again. X
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ X
In that eternal world of joy.

HYMN 8. P. M.

*"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou,
Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."*—Psal. iv. 8.

- 1 THROUGH the day thy love has spar'd us;
Wearied, we lie down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us;
Let no foe our peace molest:
Jesus, thou our guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in thee.
- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In thine arms may we repose:
And when life's sad day is past,
Rest with thee in heav'n at last.

HYMN 9. L. M.

*"Delight thyself in the Lord, and he shall give thee the
desires of thy heart."*—Psal. xxxvii. 4.

- 1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!

- At once they sing, at once they pray ;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below ;
Not all that careless sinners say
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The text and doctrines of thy word ;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

HYMN 10. L. M.

*"O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel
before the Lord our Maker."—Psal. xcv. 6.*

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

- 4 Wide as the world is thy command !
Vast as eternity thy love !
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 11. L. M.

*"Where two or three are gathered together in my name,
there am I in the midst of them."*—Matt. xviii. 20.

- 1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy seat ;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

HYMN 12. L. M.

*"Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God think upon
upon us that we perish not."*—Jonah i. 7.

- 1 OH, thou that dwell'st in the heavens high !
Above yon stars, and within yon sky,

Where the dazzling fields never needed light
Of the sun by day, or the moon by night.

- 2 Though shining millions around thee stand,
For the sake of Him at thy right hand ;
Oh, think of those who have cost him dear,
Fast bound in chains and darkness here.
- 3 The pow'rs of darkness are all abroad,
They own no Saviour, they fear no God,
And we are trembling in dumb dismay ;
Oh, turn not thou thy face away.
- 4 Our night is dreary, and dim our day,
And if thou turn'st thy face away,
We are weak, and feeble, and helpless dust,
We have none to look to, none to trust.
- 5 Thine aid, O Mighty One ! we crave ;
Not shortened is thine arm to save :
Afar from thee we now sojourn,
Return to us, O God ! return.

HYMN 13. C. M.

"Surely the Lord is in this place."—Gen. xxviii. 16.

- 1 O LORD, our languid hearts inspire,
For here we trust thou art !
Send down a coal of heavenly fire
To warm each waiting heart.
- 2 Dear Shepherd of thy people, hear,
Thy presence now display ;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

- 3 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.
- 4 And may the Gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

HYMN 14. S. M.

*"This is the day which the Lord hath made ; we will
be glad and rejoice in it."*—Psal. cxviii. 24.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
And we by faith may see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day within the place
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is better than ten thousand days
Spent in the joys of sin.
- 4 O that my soul could stay
In such a frame as this ;
And wait to hail the brighter day
Of everlasting bliss.

HYMN 15. L. M.

" They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."—Isa. xl. 31.

- 1 AWAKE our souls, away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone ;
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint :
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.
- 3 From thee, the overflowing Spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply ;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall droop and wither, faint and die.
- 4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

HYMN 16. P. M.

" Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts : the whole earth is full of his glory."—Isa. vi. 3.

- 1 THOU God of pow'r and God of love,
Whose glory fills the realms above ;
Whose praise archangels sing,
And veil their faces while they cry,
" Thrice holy !" to their God most high,
" Thrice holy ! to their King.

- 2 Thee, as our God, we too would claim,
And bless the Saviour's precious name,
Through whom this grace is giv'n ;
Who bore the curse to sinners due,
Who forms their ruin'd souls anew,
And makes them heirs of heav'n.
- 3 The veil that hides thy glory rend,
And here in saving pow'r descend,
And fix thy blest abode ;
Here to each heart thyself reveal,
And all who enter cause to feel
The presence of our God.

HYMN 17. C. M.

"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."—Psal. li. 17.

- 1 LORD ! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confession pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.
- 2 Our broken spirits pitying see,
True penitence impart ;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on ev'ry heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in pray'r,
May we our wills resign ;
And not a thought our bosoms share,
That is not wholly thine.

- 4 May faith each meek petition fill,
 And raise it to the skies ;
 And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
 That grants it or denies.

HYMN 18. P. M.

*" Ye are come . . . to the general assembly and church
 of the first born."— Heb. xii. 22, 23.*

- 1 HERE we suffer grief and pain ;
 Here we meet to part again,—
 In heav'n we part no more.

CHORUS.

O ! that will be joyful !
 Joyful, joyful, joyful !
 O ! that will be joyful !
 When we meet to part no more.

- 2 All who love the Lord below,
 When they die to heav'n will go,
 And sing with saints above.
 O ! that will be joyful ! &c.

- 3 Little children will be there,
 Who have sought the Lord by pray'r,
 From ev'ry Sunday School.
 O ! that will be joyful ! &c.

- 4 Friends and parents, then will meet,
 Friends and parents, they will meet,
 Will meet to part no more.
 O ! that will be joyful ! &c.

- 5 Teachers too shall meet above,
And our pastors, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.
O! that will be joyful! &c.
- 6 Oh! how happy we shall be,
For our Saviour we shall see
Exalted on his throne.
O! that will be joyful! &c.
- 7 There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord.
O! that will be joyful! &c.

HYMN 19. P. M.

*"Behold he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall
see him."*—Rev. i. 7.

- 1 Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus now shall ever reign.
- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the True Messiah see.

- 3 Ev'ry island, sea and mountain,
 Heav'n and earth, shall flee away ;
 All who hate him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day ;
 Come to judgment !
 Come to judgment ! come away !
- 4 Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear ;
 All his saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the air :
 Hallelujah !
 See the day of God appear !
- 5 Yea, amen ! let all adore thee,
 High on thine exalted throne :
 Saviour, take the pow'r and glory ;
 Claim the kingdom for thine own.
 O come quickly ;
 Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come !

HYMN 20. P. M.

"The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God."—1 Thess. iv. 16.

- 1 THE trumpet shall sound,
 And fill the world round ;
 From shore it shall echo to shore :
 The angel shall stand
 With uplifted hand,
 Proclaiming that time is no more.

- 2 And now shall the tomb
 Discharge from its womb,
The load it no more can contain ;
 The earth and the sea
 The call shall obey,
And give up their myriads of slain.
- 3 The Saviour with crowds
 Shall come in the clouds ;
His glory to all shall appear :
 All power is given,
 In earth and in heav'n,
To Him that was crucified here.
- 4 Then joy to the saints !
 Whatever complaints
Attend on their state here below ;
 They all in that day
 Shall vanish away ;
No more shall their tears ever flow.
- 5 Their Lord they shall see ;
 With him they shall be,
With him in his kingdom above,
 For ever to gaze,
 For ever to praise,
For ever to sing of his love.

HYMN 21. P. M.

"The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised."—1 Cor. xv. 52.

- 1 GREAT God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
Behold the Judge of man appear,
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay:
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepar'd to meet Him.
- 3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing.
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepar'd to meet Him.
- 4 Great God! what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
Behold the Judge of man appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
Low at his cross, I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him!

HYMN 22. P. M.

"Take ye heed, watch and pray : for ye know not when the time is."—Mark xiii. 33.

- 1 NOTHING know we of the season
When the world shall pass away ;
But we know the saints have reason
To expect a glorious day ;
When the Saviour will return,
And his people cease to mourn.
- 2 While a careless world is sleeping,
Then it is the day will come :
Mirth shall then be turn'd to weeping :
Sinners shall receive their doom ;
But the people of the Lord,
Shall obtain their bright reward.
- 3 Waiting for our Lord's returning,
Be it ours his word to keep ;
Let our lamps be always burning,
Let us watch while others sleep.
We're no longer of the night,
We are children of the light.

HYMN 23. S. M.

"And there were great voices in heaven, saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ ; and he shall reign for ever and ever."—Rev. xi. 15.

- 1 HARK ! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunder's roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.

Hallelujah ! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign ;
Hallelujah ! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.
See Jehovah's banner furl'd,
Sheath'd his sword : he speaks,—'tis done ;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

8 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway ;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heav'ns have pass'd away.
Then the end ;—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall.
Hallelujah ! Christ in God ;
God in Christ is all in all !

HYMN 24. C. M.

" Mine eyes have seen thy salvation."—Luke ii. 30.

1 HARK ! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long !
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.

- 2 He comes the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held !
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice,
To clear the inward sight ;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial light.
- 4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure ;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN 25. P. M.

" He humbled himself."—Phillipp. ii. 8.

- 1 OF Jesus we'll sing,
The Saviour and King,
Of all who on earth are redeemed :
No name is so great,
No name is so sweet,
How ever by men disesteem'd.
- 2 How high was his seat !
His glory how great !
When sitting on yonder bright throne ;
The object above,
Of wonder and love,
The object of worship alone.

- 3 But see from his place,
In infinite grace,
He comes and appears here below :
He leaves all his store,
And stoops to be poor,
Submitting to want and to woe.
- 4 No love is like his,
Unequall'd it is
By that of a mother or friend ;
What tongue cannot teach,
What thought cannot reach ;
'Tis love without measure or end.
- 5 To Jesus alone,
Who sits on the throne,
Be glory, dominion, and power :
To Jesus be giv'n
All honour in heav'n,
By angels and saints evermore.

HYMN 26. L. M.

"Unto us a Son is born."—Isa. ix. 6.

- 1 COME, thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free ;
From our fears and sins release us ;
Let us find our rest in thee.
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art ;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

- 2 Born thy people to deliver ;
Born a child and yet a King ;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

HYMN 27. C. M.

" Unto you therefore which believed, He is precious."

1 Pet. ii. 7.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name ! the rock on which I build ;
My shield and hiding place ;
My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 By thee my pray'rs acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd :
Satan accuses me in vain,
While I am own'd a child.

- 5 Jesus, my Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 7 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN 28. S. M.

"Unto you is born this day a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."—Luke ii. 11.

- 1 HARK ! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born king;
"Peace on earth and mercy mild,
"God and sinners reconcil'd."
- 2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem !
- 3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all he brings.
Ris'n with healing in his wings.

- 4 Mild, he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die ;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
- 5 Sing, we then, with angels sing,
Glory to the new-born king ;
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and man forgiven.

HYMN 29. C. M.

*What are these which are arrayed in white robes ?
These are they which came out of great tribulation.*—Rev. vii. 13, 14.

- 1 THE Son of God is gone to war,
A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood-red banner streams afar ;
Who follows in his train ?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain ;
Who boldest bears his cross below—
He follows in his train.
- 2 The martyr first, whose eagle-eye
Could pierce beyond the grave ;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And call'd on him to save :
Like him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them who did the wrong :—
Who follows in his train ?

- 3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came ;
Twelve valiant saints: the truth they knew,
And brav'd the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane ;
They bow'd their necks the death to feel :—
Who follows in their train ?
- 4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around their Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light array'd.
They climb'd the steep ascent to heav'n
Through peril, toil, and pain.
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

HYMN 30. S. M.

" The time is short."—1 Cor. vii. 29.

- 1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.
Fix'd in their eternal state,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—

Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bears us down life's rapid stream.
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;
All below is but a dream.

- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew :
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old ;
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

HYMN 31. C. M.

"Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God."
1 Pet. v. 6.

- 1 PROSTRATE, O Lord, before thy feet,
A guilty sinner lies,
And upward to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 Oh, let not justice drive me hence !
Stay, stay the dreadful storm !
Forbid it that Omnipotence
Should crush a fallen worm.
- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt ;
No tears but those which Jesus shed,
No blood but that he spilt.
- 5 Think of his sorrows, gracious Lord,
And all my sins forgive ;
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

HYMN 32. C. M.

*" Turn us again, O God, and cause thy face to shine,
and we shall be saved."—Psal. lxxx. 3.*

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend ;
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display ;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
- 3 Great God, and why is Britain spar'd,
Ungrateful as we are ?
Oh, make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, " Forbear."
- 4 What num'rous crimes increasing rise
Through this apostate isle !
What land so favour'd of the skies,
And yet what land so vile ?

- 5 Oh ! turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy all-powerful grace ;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.
- 6 Then, should disease or foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God, is near.

HYMN 33. C. M.

*" The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ;
blessed be the name of the Lord."—Job i. 21.*

- 1 O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ?
Or tremble at thy gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No : let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee ;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engag'd to grant :
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

HYMN 34. P. M.

"I have behaved and quieted myself as a child that is weaned."—Psal. cxxxi. 2.

- 1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart ;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art ;
Make me as a weaned child,
From distrust and envy free,
Pleas'd with all that pleases thee.
- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave :
'Tis enough that thou wilt care ;
Why should I the burden bear ?
- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone ;
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, guard, and guide.
- 4 Thus preserv'd from Satan's wiles,
Safe from danger, free from fears,
May I live upon thy smiles,
Till thy promis'd hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love !

HYMN 35. C. M.

"Be careful for nothing."—Phil. iv. 6.

- 1 LORD ! it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live ;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.
- 2 If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey :
If short, yet why should I be sad,
That here I cannot stay ?
- 3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before ;
He that into God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by his door.
- 4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet,
Thy blessed face to see ;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be ?
- 5 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days :
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.
- 6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim ;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

HYMN 36. P. M.

"Not my will, but thine be done."—Luke xxii. 42.

- 1 My God, my Father ! while I stray
Far from thy home, in life's rough way,
Oh ! teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."
- 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
Or breathe the pray'r divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."
- 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends belov'd, no longer nigh ;
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done."
- 4 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine,—
I only yield thee what was thine—
"Thy will be done."
- 5 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father ! still I strive to say,
"Thy will be done."
- 6 Renew my will from day to day ;
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."

- 7 Then when on earth I breathe no more,
The pray'r, oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done."

HYMN 37. C. M.

"The will of the Lord be done."—Acts xxi. 14.

- 1 FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies;
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—
- 2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
- 3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

HYMN 38. L. M.

"Call upon me in the day of trouble."—Psal. l. 15.

- 1 WHAT various hind'rances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

- 2 Prayer makes the dark'ned cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight :
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side ;
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Were half the breath oft vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
" Hear what the Lord has done for me."

HYMN 39. L. M.

*" God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of
our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. vi. 14.*

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ, my God :
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down :
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my heart, my life, my all.

HYMN 40. S. M.

"I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and will cover thee."—Exod. xxxiii. 22.

- 1 Rock of ages, cleft for me !
Let me hide myself in thee !
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure ;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to thee for grace ;
Black, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-lids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me !
Let me hide myself in thee !

HYMN 41. C. M.

“ As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up.”—John iii. 14.

- 1 As when the Hebrew prophet rais'd
The brazen serpent high,
The wounded look'd, and straight were cur'd,
The people ceas'd to die ;
- 2 So from the Saviour, on the cross,
A healing virtue flows :
Who looks to him with lively faith.
Is sav'd from endless woes.
- 3 For God gave up his Son to death,
So gen'rous was his love,
That all the faithful might enjoy
Eternal life above.
- 4 He came to raise our fallen state,
And our lost hopes restore :
Faith leads us to his mercy seat,
And bids us fear no more.

HYMN 42. L. M.

"He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness."

Isa. lxi. 10.

- 1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To take my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,—
Jesus hath liv'd and died for me.
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day ;
For who ought to my charge shall lay,
While, through thy blood, absolv'd I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame ?
- 4 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;
No age can change its glorious hue ;
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 5 Oh, let the dead now hear thy voice !
Bid, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice ;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

HYMN 43. C. M.

*"Such an High Priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners," &c.—
Heb. vii. 26, 27.*

- 1 JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold
The sons of Aaron wore.
- 2 They first their own burnt-off'rings brought,
To purge themselves from sin :
Thy life was pure, without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.
- 3 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt ;
But thy one off'ring takes away
For ever all our guilt.
- 4 Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns
On Sion's heav'nly hill ;
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.
- 5 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face :
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt thy Father's grace.

HYMN 44. S. M.

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."—John i. 29.

- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away its stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer far than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine ;
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear,
When hanging on the accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing redeeming love.

HYMN 45 P. M.

"The Law had a shadow of good things to come."
Heb. x. 1.

- 1 ISRAEL, in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the gospel too :

The types and figures were a glass
In which they saw a Saviour's face.

- 2 The scape-goat on his head
 The people's trespass bore,
 And to the desert led,
 Was to be seen no more :
In him our surety seemed to say,
" Behold I bear your sins away."

- 3 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
 The living bird went free ;
 The type, well understood,
 Express'd the sinners plea ;
Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.

- 4 Jesus, I love to trace
 Throughout the sacred page
 The footsteps of thy grace,
 The same in every age !
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me.

HYMN 46. C. M.

*" In that day there shall be a fountain opened
for sin and for uncleanness."—Zech. xiii. 1.*

- ✓ 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy pow'r to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

HYMN 47. C. M.

*"Worthy is the Lamb, that was slain, to receive power,
and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour,
and glory, and blessing."*—Rev. v. 12.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesu's name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small ;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall :
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 Oh ! that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall ;
There join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN 48. P. M.

"He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures."—1. Cor. xv. 4.

- 1 THE happy morn is come :
Triumphant o'er the grave
The Saviour leaves the tomb
Almighty now to save.
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.
- 2 Who now accuseth them
For whom the Surety died ?
Or who can those condemn
Whom God hath justified ?
Captivity, &c.

3 Christ hath the ransom paid—
The glorious work is done;
On him our help is laid—
The victory is won.
Captivity, &c.

4 Hail, thou triumphant Lord !
The Resurrection thou !
Hail, thou Incarnate Word !
Before thy throne we bow,
Captivity, &c.

HYMN 49. C. M.

" Whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death, because it was not possible that he should be holden of it."—Acts ii. 24.

1 Blest morning, whose first dawning ray ✓
Beheld the Son of God,
Arise triumphant from the grave,
And leave his dark abode.

2 In the cold prison of the tomb,
The great Redeemer lay ;
Till the revolving skies had brought,
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave combin'd their force,
To hold our Lord in vain ;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

- 4 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King ;
Let heav'n and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.
- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was and is,
And shall be evermore.

HYMN 50.

*“ They that say such things declare plainly that they
seek a country.— Heb. xi, 14.*

- 1 From Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Hallelujah,
We are on our way to God.
- 2 To Canaan's sacred bounds,
We haste with songs of joy,
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
Hallelujah,
We are on our way to God.
- 3 There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er,
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more,
Hallelujah,
We are on our way to God.

- 4 How sweet the prospect is,
It cheers the pilgrim's breast,
We're journeying through the wilderness
To everlasting rest.
Hallelujah,
We are on our way to God.

HYMN 51. L. M.

*"We have a great High Priest, that is passed into
the heavens."*—Heb. iv. 14.

- 1 Where high the heav'nly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears ;
The guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 He who for men their surety stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heav'n his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of Man.
- 3 Though now ascendēd up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye ;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 In every pang that rends the heart
The man of sorrows had a part ;
He sympathises with our grief,
And to the suff'rer sends relief.
- 5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known ;
And ask the aid of heav'nly pow'r
To help us in the evil hour.

HYMN 52. P. M.

"And truly if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned. But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."—Heb. xi. 15, 16.

- 1 WHY those fears? behold 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm, and guides the ship;
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes,
Sent to waft us through the deep—
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.
- 2 Though the shore we hope to land on
Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone,
And with Jesus,
Through the trackless deep move on.
- 3 Led by that, we brave the ocean,—
Led by that the storm defy,
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh:
Waves obey him,
And the storms before him fly.
- 4 Render'd safe by his protection,
We shall pass the wat'ry waste;
Trusting to his wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last,
And with wonder
Think on toils and dangers past.

- 5 Oh ! what pleasures there await us ;
There the tempests cease to roar :
There it is that those who hate us
Can molest our peace no more :
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil, happy shore.

HYMN 53. P. M.

*" Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden,
and I will give you rest"—Matt. xi. 28.*

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Come to mercy's open door,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power.
He is able,
He is willing—doubt no more.
- 2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him.
This he shews you,
By his spirits rising beam.
- 3 Come ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all :
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

- 4 Lo ! th' Incarnate God ascended,
 Pleads the merits of his blood ;
 Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude :
 None but Jesus,
 Can do helpless sinners good.

HYMN 54. P. M.

*" Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and
 afterward receive me to glory."—Psal. lxxiii. 24.*

- ✓ 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah !
 Pilgrim through this barren land ;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy pow'rful hand.
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.
- Open thou the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow ;
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through.
 Strong Deliv'rer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side.
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

HYMN 55. C. M.

"And Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him."—Gen. v. 24.

- 1 OH ! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd !
How sweet their mem'ry still !
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O Holy Dove ! return,
Sweet messenger of rest :
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So clearer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 56. P. M.

" Our conversation is in heaven."—Phil. iii. 20.

- 1 COME on my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel ;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode,
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with their Master here,
Shall soon before his face appear,
And by his side sit down :
To patient faith the prize is sure ;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 See where the Lamb in glory stands,
Encircled with his radiant bands,
And join th' angelic powers ;
For all that height of glorious bliss,
Our everlasting portion is,
And all that heaven is ours.

- 5 Thrice blessed—bliss-inspiring hope ;
It lifts the fainting spirits up ;
 It brings to life the dead.
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And our triumphant souls at last
 Ascend to Christ, our Head.

HYMN 57. P. M.

"He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, the Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man can do unto me."—Heb. xiii. 5, 6.

- 1 BEGONE, unbelief! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear.
By pray'r let me wrestle, and he will perform:
With Christ in the vessel, I smite at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way; since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide;
Though cisterns be broken, though creatures
 all fail,
The word he hath spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love, in time past, forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink:
Each sweet Ebenezer I leave in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite
 through.
- 4 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? He told me no less:
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow their
 Lord.

- 5 How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,
Which Jesus drank up, that sinners might
live !
His way was much rougher and darker than
mine ;
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine ?
- 6 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food :
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before
long,
And then, oh ! how pleasant the conqueror's
song !

• HYMN 58. C. M.

" Whom have I in heaven but thee."—Psal. lxxiii. 25.

- 1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest days, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun :
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
When Jesus shews his mercy mine,
And tells me I am his.

- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word ;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe ;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conq'ror through.

HYMN 59. P. M.

" A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind."—
Isaiah xxxii. 2.

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll :
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, oh ! leave me not alone—
Still support, and comfort me :
All my hope on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.

- 3 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to pardon all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within :
Thou of life the fountain art !
Freely let me take of thee ;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

HYMN 60. C. M.

"An inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven."—1 Pet. i. 4.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers ;
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 4 Oh ! could we make our doubts remove
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes.

- 5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 61. S. M.

"Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better."—Phil. i, 23.

- 1 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.
- 2 My Saviour! whom absent I love,
Whom not having seen I adore,
Whose name is exalted above,—
All glory, dominion, and power.
- 3 Dissolve thou these bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
O strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
- 4 O bring me to that happy rest,
Where sin and where death are no more;
Where fear can no longer molest,
And sorrow and weeping are o'er.

HYMN 62. C. M.

"For an helmet, thy hope of salvation."—1 Thes. v. 8.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And dry my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heav'n, my All.
- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 63. P. M.

"The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things,"—John xiv. 26.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire !
Thou, the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy seven-fold gifts impart ;
Thy blessed unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
- 2 Enable, with perpetual light,
The dulness of our blinded sight ;
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace ;
Keep far our foes ; give peace at home—
Where thou art Guide, no ill can come.

- 3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both to be but one;
That through the ages all along
This may be our endless song:
Praise to thine eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

HYMN 64. C. M.

"He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire."—Matt. iii. 11.

- 1 COME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?
- 4 Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove, ;
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs !
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 65. L. M.

"There are three that bear record in heaven; the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost."—1 John v. 7.

- 1 GLORY be to God on high,
Who hath brought the guilty nigh,
Through the rich atoning blood
Of the spotless Lamb of God.
- 2 Glory be to Christ on high,
Who for sinners came to die;
All Jehovah's wrath endur'd,
Life to guilty men secur'd.
- 3 Now the law's demands are paid,
All its precepts Christ obey'd;
Glory to redeeming grace
Shines in our Immanuel's face.
- 4 Glory to the sacred Three,
Who are one, and all agree
In their record of the Son:
God is pleas'd with what he'th done.

HYMN 66. L. M.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all."—2 Cor. xiii. 14.

- 1 FATHER of Heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pard'ning love extend.

- 2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is rais'd from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy quick'ning power extend.
- 4 Jehovah ! Father, Spirit, Son !
Mysterious Godhead ! Three in One !
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

HYMN 67. P. M.

" Baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Matt. xxviii. 19.

- 1 I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above :
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe ;
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

- 3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new creating power
Makes the dead sinner live :
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One :
Where reason fails, with all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

HYMN 68. L. M.

" As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew forth the Lord's death till he come."—
I Cor. xi. 26.

- 1 My God ! and is thy table spread,
And doth thy cup with love o'erflow ?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all thy sweetness know.
- 2 O ! let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests ;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 3 Let crowds approach with hearts prepar'd,
With hearts inflam'd let all attend ;
Nor when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

- 4 Revive thy dying churches, Lord ;
Bid all our drooping graces live ;
And more, that energy afford,
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

HYMN 69. C. M.

" He was wounded for our transgressions."—Isa. liii. 5.

- 1 ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die ?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe :
Here, Lord, I give myself to thee ;
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 70. L. M.

" Do this in remembrance of me."—Luke xxii. 19.

- 1 OURS is a rich and royal feast,
Provided by the King of heav'n :
How privileg'd are they, and blest,
To whom the bread of life is giv'n !

- 2 In sacred fellowship we meet,
To celebrate our Saviour's death :
His blood we drink, his flesh we eat ;
His people feed on him by faith.
- 3 The blood he shed supplies a stream
That washes all our guilt away :
How precious, then, the Lord should seem,
Whose death we celebrate to-day !
- 4 On earth his dying love shall be
Our spring of hope, our theme of joy ;
And, when in heav'n our Lord we see,
His praise shall all our pow'rs employ.

HYMN 71. C. M.

" Made perfect in one."—John xvii. 23.

- 1 BLESS'D be the God of peace and love,
Whose grace wont 'let us part :
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one Spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go,
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And spread his praise below.
- 3 Oh ! may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside ;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

- 4 Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
 Nor life, nor death, can part :
 Those who, enjoying Jesu's grace,
 In him are one in heart.
- 5 Soon will he wipe off ev'ry tear,
 On Canaan's blissful shore ;
 Where all who friends in Jesus are,
 Shall meet to part no more.

HYMN 72. L. M.

" And when they had sung an hymn, they went out."
 Matt. xxvi. 8. See Acts xx. 36-38.

- 1 CHRISTIAN brethren, ere we part,
 Let us, each with grateful heart,
 Once more to our Father raise
 Our united hymn of praise.
- 2 Here perhaps we meet no more ;
 But we seek a happier shore,
 Where, above all sin and pain,
 Brethren, we shall meet again.
- 3 To the Triune God of heav'n,
 Love and praise be ever giv'n ;
 Here, and by his hosts above,
 Endless praise, adoring love.

HYMN 73. P. M.

" Love one another."—1 John iii. 11.

- 1 BRETHREN, let us walk together
 In the bonds of love and peace :
 Can it be a question whether
 Brethren should from conflict cease?
 'Tis in union, hope, and joy, and love increase.

- 2 While we journey homeward, let us
 Help each other in the road ;
 Foes on every side beset us,
 Snares through all the way are strew'd :
 It behoves us each to bear a brother's load.
- 3 When we think how much our Father
 Has forgiv'n, and does forgive,
 Brethren, we should learn, the rather,
 Free from wrath and strife to live,
 Far removing all that might offend or grieve.
- 4 Then let each esteem his brother
 Better than himself to be ;
 And let each prefer another,
 Full of love, from envy free.
 Happy are we, when in this we all agree.

HYMN 74. C. M.

*" The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy
 coming in."—Psal. cxxi. 8.*

- 1 How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord !
 How sure is their defence !
 Eternal wisdom is their guide ;
 Their help, Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,
 And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
 High on the broken wave,
 They know thou art not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.

- 4 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 5 Our life while thou preserv'st, that life
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, when our last day shall come,
Shall join our souls to thee.

HYMN 75. C. M.

"He shall gather the lambs with his arm."—Isaiah xl. 11.

- 1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all engaging charms ;
Hark ! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms !
- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name,"
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.
- 3 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hearts,
And yield them up to thee ;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let those children be.

HYMN 76. P. M.

"Lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day."

Isa. xxvii. 3.

- 1 SEE the vineyard lately planted
By thy hand, O Lord of Hosts !
Let thy people's prayer be granted,
Keep it safe from hostile hosts ;

Hear, O hear us when we pray !
Keep thy vineyard night and day.

2 Drooping plants revive and nourish,
Let them thrive beneath thy hand ;
Let the weak grow strong and flourish,
Blooming fair at thy command ;
Let the fruitful yield thee more,
Laden with a plenteous store.

3 Further, Lord ! be thou entreated,
Plant the barren waste around ;
Let thy work be thus completed,
And no fruitless spot be found ;
Let the earth a vineyard be,
Consecrated, Lord ! to thee !

HYMN 77. C. M.

" They that seek me early shall find me."—Prov. viii. 17.

1 YE hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
In eager crowds draw near ;
And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you ;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 " The soul that longs to see my grace,
" Is sure my love to gain ;
" And those that early seek my face,
" Shall never seek in vain."

- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compar'd with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?
- 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
For here true bliss I find!

HYMN 78. C. M.

*"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?
By taking heed thereto according to thy word."*—
Psal. cxix. 9.

- 1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 Thy precepts make me truly wise,
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

- 5 Thy word is everlasting truth,
 How pure is ev'ry page?
 That holy book shall guide our youth,
 And well support our age.

HYMN 79. P. M.

"For what is your life? It is even a vapour."

James iv. 14.

- ✓ 1 **WHAT** is life? 'tis but a vapour,
 Soon it vanishes away:
 Life is like a dying taper,
 O my soul why wish to stay;
 Why not spread thy wings and fly
 Strait to yonder world of joy?
- 2 See that glory how resplendent!
 Brighter far than fancy paints:
 There in majesty transcendent
 Jesus reigns, the King of saints;
 Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
 Strait to yonder world of joy.
- 3 Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
 Sing with rapture of his love:
 Through the heavens his praises sounding,
 Filling all the courts above;
 Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
 Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 4 Go, and share his people's glory:
 'Midst the ransom'd crowd appear
 Thine a joyful, wondrous story:
 One that angels love to hear;

Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

HYMN 80. L. M.

"Prepare to meet thy God."—Amos iv. 12.

- 1 OFT as the bell with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul ;
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
Prepar'd, should I be called to die ?
- 2 Soon leaving all I loved below,
To God's tribunal I must go ;
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.
- 3 Lord Jesus ! help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee ;
Pardon my sins ; thy Spirit give,
And to thy glory let me live.
- 4 Then when the solemn bell I hear,
If saved from sin, I need not fear,
Nor would the thought alarming be,
"Perhaps it next may toll for me."

HYMN 81. C. M.

"Freely ye have received, freely give."—Matt. x. 8. C

- 1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace
All-pow'rful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

- 2 Oh ! may our sympathising breast
That gen'rous pleasure know,
Freely to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.
- 3 So Jesus look'd on dying men,
Enthron'd above the skies ;
And, when he saw their lost estate,
Felt his compassion rise.
- 4 Since Christ, to save our guilty souls,
On wings of mercy flew,
We, whom the Saviour thus hath lov'd,
Should love each other too.

HYMN 82. C. M.

" Of thine own have we given thee."—1 Chron. xxix. 14.

- 1 LORD, when our off'rings we present
Before thy gracious throne,
We but return what thou hast lent,
And give thee of thine own.
- 2 Ourselves, our all, to thee we owe,
To us thou'rt ever kind ;
And while we of thy gifts bestow,
Give thou the willing mind.
- 3 The pow'r and willingness to give
Alike proceed from thee :
Debtors we are, and, while we live,
Debtors shall ever be.

- 4 O Lord ! our contributions bless,
For their appointed end,
And crown with happiest success,
The cause that we befriend.

HYMN 83. L. M.

"The heavens declare the glory of God."—Psal. xix. 1.

- 1 The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display ;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
- 4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball !—
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found !—

- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN 84. P. M.

"He called the name of the place Jehovah-jireh"
Gen. xxii. 14.

- 1 Though troubles assail,
And dangers affright :
Though friends should all fail,
And foes all unite :
Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide ;
The Scripture assures us,
The Lord will provide.
- 2 The birds, without barn
Or storehouse, are fed :
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread :
His saints, what is fitting,
Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written
The Lord will provide.
- 3 No strength of our own,
Or goodness, we claim ;
Yet since we have known
The Saviour's great name,

In this our strong tower
For safety we hide ;
The Lord is our power,
The Lord will provide.

4. When life sinks apace,
And death is in view,
This word of his grace
Shall comfort us through.
No fearing or doubting,
With Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting
The Lord will provide.

HYMN 85. C. M.

*"I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not ;
I will lead them in paths that they have not known :
I will make darkness light before them, and crooked
things straight. These things will I do unto them,
and not forsake them."*—Isaiah xlii. 16.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN 86. C. M.

" His mercy endureth for ever."—Psal. cvii. 1.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.
- 2 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 3 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 4 Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll proclaim,
And after death, in distant worlds,
Resume the glorious theme.

- 5 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
But, oh ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN 87. C. M.

" Ho ! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."
Isa. lv. i.

- 1 LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice ;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly joys
To fill an empty mind,
- 3 Eternal wisdom hath prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Dear Lord, the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins.
- 5 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day :
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN 88. C. M.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet."—Psal. cxix. 105.

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight :
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun :
It gives a light to every age ;
It gives, but borrows none.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heav'nly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

HYMN 89. C. M.

"More to be desired are they than gold."—Psal. xix. 10.

1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration giv'n !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heav'n.

- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears :
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

HYMN 90. L. M.

" Faith cometh by hearing."—Rom. x. 17.

- 1 THY presence, gracious God, afford ;
Prepare us to receive thy word :
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above :
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.
- 3 To us thy sacred word apply,
With sov'reign pow'r and energy ;
And may we in thy love and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.
- 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal ;
Teach us to know and do thy will :
Thy saving pow'r and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

HYMN 91. C. M.

"The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver."—Psal. cxix. 72.

- 1 GREAT God, with wonder and with praise,
On all thy works I look ;
But still thy wisdom, pow'r and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.
- 2 The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction giv'n ;
But thy blest word informs my soul
How I may rise to heav'n.
- 3 Here are my choicest treasures hid ;
Here my best comfort lies ;
Here my desires are satisfied ;
And hence my hopes arise.
- 4 Lord, make me understand thy law ;
Show what my faults have been ;
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.
- 5 Here would I learn how Christ has died,
To save my soul from hell :
Not all the books on earth beside,
Such heav'nly wonders tell.
- 6 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

HYMN 92. C. M.

"I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope."—Psal. cxxx. 5.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near :
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there !

HYMN 93. P. M.

"The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light."—Isa. ix. 2.

- 1 YES, we trust the day is breaking ;
Joyful times are near at hand :
God, the mighty God, is speaking ;
By his word in every land.
Mark his progress ;
Darkness flies at his command.
- 2 Let us hail the joyful season,
Let us hail the rising ray :
When the Lord appears, there's reason
To expect a glorious day.
At his presence
Gloom and darkness fly away.
- 3 O ! 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
To our hearts to hear each day
Joyful news, from far arriving
How the gospel wins its way,
Those enlight'ning
Who in death and darkness lay.
- 4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand ;
Let the gospel be victorious
Through the world in every land ;
Let the idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

HYMN 94. P. M.

"The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."—Isa. lx. 3.

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still and gaze ;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace.
Blessed Jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn !
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtain'd on Calvary :
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light ;
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption,
Freely purchas'd, win the day.
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease :
May thy lasting, wide dominion
Multiply and still increase.
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

HYMN 95. P. M.

"Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."—Psal. ii. 8.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft on Ceylon's isle;
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high;
Shall we, to man benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

HYMN 96. L. M.

(PSALM 72, 2d Part.)

"The earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."
Numb. xiv. 21.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run :
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moon shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 People and realms, of ev'ry tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are bless'd.
- 4 Let ev'ry creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to their King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

HYMN 97. P. M.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings."—Isa. lii. 7.

- 1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo ! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands
Mourning captive,
God himself shall loose thy bands.
- 2 God, thy God, will now restore thee !
He himself appears thy friend :
All thy foes shall flee before thee :
Here their boast and triumphs end.
Great deliv'rance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 3 Enemies no more shall trouble ;
All thy warfare now is past :
For thy shame thou shalt have double ;
Days of peace are come at last ;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

HYMN 98. S. M.

"Many prophets and kings have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them, and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them."—Luke x. 24.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Sion's hill !
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

- 2 How blessed are our eyes,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !
- 3 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light !
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.
- 4 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 99. S. M.

" To the praise of the glory of his grace."—Eph. i. 6,

- 1 GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear :
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace turn'd my wand'ring feet,
To tread the heav'nly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While passing on to God.
- 3 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow :
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting day :
 It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.
- 5 Oh ! let thy grace inspire
 My soul with strength divine :
 May all my pow'rs to thee aspire,
 And all my days be thine.

HYMN 100. 7's.

" Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."—1 Sam. vii 12.

- 1 COME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace :
Streams of mercy, never ceasing
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me, Lord, the rapt'rous measures
 Sung by flaming hosts above :
Bid me tell the countless treasures
 Of my God's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer ;
 Hither by thy help I'm come ;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.*
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God :
He, to save my soul from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood.

* Heaven.

- 3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be :
Let that grace break ev'ry fetter
That withholds my heart from thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
Prone to leave the God I love :
Saviour, take my heart and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

HYMN 101. L. M.

"He hath not dealt so with any nation."—Psal. cxlvii. 20.

- 1 GREAT God! to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong :
I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve my song.
- 2 'Tis to thy sov'reign grace I owe
That I was born on British ground,
Where streams of heav'nly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.
- 3 I would not change my native land,
For rich Peru, with all her gold :
A nobler prize lies in my hand,
Than East or Western Indies hold.
- 4 How do I pity those that dwell
In realms where heathen darkness reigns !
They know no heav'n, they fear no hell,
Those endless joys, those endless pains.

- 5 Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
Kindle my hopes and my desire ;
While all the preachers of thy word
Warn me to 'scape eternal fire.
- 6 Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
Since thou hast mark'd my way to heav'n ;
Nor will I run the road to death,
Nor waste the blessings thou hast giv'n.

HYMN 102. C. M.

*" A new heart will I give you, and a new Spirit will
I put within you."—Ezek. xxxvi. 26.*

- 1 OH ! for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free ;
A heart that's sprinkled with thy blood,
So freely shed for me.
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And fill'd with love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above :
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

HYMN 103. C. M.

*" I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith
to be content."—Phil. iv. 11.*

- 1 FIERCE passions discompose the mind,
As tempests vex the sea ;
But calm content and peace we find,
When, Lord, we turn to thee.
- 2 In vain by reason and by rule
We try to bend the will ;
For none but in the Saviour's school
Can learn the heav'nly skill.
- 3 Since at his feet my soul has sat,
His gracious words to hear,
Contented with my present state,
I cast on him my care.
- 4 " Art thou a sinner, soul ?" (he said)
" Then how canst thou complain ?
How light thy troubles here, if weigh'd
With everlasting pain !
- 5 " If thou of murm'ring wouldst be cur'd,
Compare thy griefs with mine ;
Think what my love for thee endur'd,
And thou wilt not repine.

- 6 In life, my grace shall strength supply,
Proportion'd to thy day :
At death, thou still shalt find me nigh,
To wipe thy tears away."

HYMN 104. L. M.

" My word shall not return to me void."—Isa. lv. 11.

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord ;
Help us to feed upon thy word :
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good ;
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood :
Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

HYMN 105. P. M.

" The God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing."—Rom. xv. 13.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
O refresh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound :
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound ;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

- 3 So, whene'er the signal's giv'n,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heav'n,
Glad to leave our cumb'rous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

HYMN 106. BENEDICTION. L. M.

"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ," &c.—2 Cor. xiii. 14.

- 1 MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above !
- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can ne'er afford.

HYMN 107. P. M.

"Receive with meekness the engrafted word."

James i. 21.

OF thy love some gracious token
Grant us, Lord, before we go ;
Bless thy word, which has been spoken,
Life and peace on all bestow.
When we join the world again,
May our hearts with thee remain :
Oh ! direct us, and protect us,
Till we reach that happy shore
Where thy people want no more.

HYMN 108. L. M.

" Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord."

Psal. cl. 6.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

HYMN 109. S. M.

" Hosannah to the Son of David."—Matt. xxi. 9.

- 1 HOSANNAH to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.
- 2 To Christ, th' anointed King,
Be endless blessings giv'n :
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heav'n.

HYMN 110. P. M.

" Let all the angels of God worship him "—Heb. i. 6.

- 1 COME, saints, and adore him ; come bow at
his feet ;
Come, give him the glory, the praise that is
meet ;

Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the
skies.

- 2 To the Lamb that was slain all honour be paid;
Let crowns without number encircle his head;
Let blessing, and glory, and riches, and might,
Be ascrib'd evermore by angels of light.
Come, saints, and adore him, &c.

HYMN 111. C. M.

"Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound."
Psal. lxxxix. 15.

- 1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound! }
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay,
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 4 Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer:
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord.

HYMN 112. C. M.

"My meditation of him shall be sweet."—Psal. civ. 34.

- 1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid ;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suff'ring paid.
- 3 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end :
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.
- 4 Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust his firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.
- 5 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.
- 6 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be !
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee.

HYMN 113. L. M.

"The Redeemed shall come with singing unto Zion."
Isa. li. 11.

- 1 O ZION, when I think on thee,
I wish for pinions like the dove;
And mourn to think that I should be
So distant from the place I love.
- 2 A captive here, and far from home,
For Zion's sacred walls I sigh:
Thither the ransom'd nations come,
And see the Saviour eye to eye.
- 3 While here, I walk on hostile ground;
The few that I can call my friends
Are like myself with fetters bound,
And weariness our steps attends.
- 4 But yet we shall behold the day
When Zion's children shall return;
Our sorrows then shall flee away,
And we shall never, never mourn.
- 5 The hope that such a day will come
Makes e'en the captive's portion sweet;
Though now we wander far from home,
In Zion soon we all shall meet.

HYMN 114. C. M.

"Many went back, and walked no more with him."
John vi. 66.

- 1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas! what numbers do!)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

- 2 Ah ! Lord, with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me ;
To whom, or whither, could I go,
If I should turn from thee ?
- 4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assured
Thou art the Christ of God,
Who hast eternal life secured
By promise and by blood.
- 5 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart ;
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.
- 6 What anguish has that question stirr'd,
If I will also go !
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer, No.

HYMN 115. S. M.

" By grace are ye saved."—Eph. ii. 8.

- 1 GRACE is the sweetest sound
That ever reach'd our ears ;
When conscience charg'd and justice frown'd,
'Twas grace removed our fears.

- 2 Grace is a mine of wealth
Laid open to the poor;
Grace is a sov'reign spring of health,
'Tis life for evermore.
- 3 'Tis freedom to the slave,
'Tis light and liberty;
It takes its terror from the grave,
'Tis joy and victory.
- 4 Of grace then let us sing,
A joyful, wondrous theme;
The God of grace is Israel's king,
And grace proceeds from him.
- 5 We hope to see his face
With all the saints above,
And sing for ever of his grace,
For ever of his love.

HYMN 116. C. M.

"O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me."
Isa. xxxviii. 14.

- 1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word.
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
My memory can retain.

- 3 My gracious Sov'reign and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne!
- 4 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!
- 5 Great God, thy sov'reign power impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.
- 6 Shew my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high:
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

HYMN 117. P. M.

*"These are they which came out of great tribulation,
and have washed their robes, and made them white
in the blood of the Lamb."*—Rev. vii. 14.

- 1 What are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noonday sun;
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they which bore the cross,
Nobly for their master stood,
Sufferers in the righteous cause,
Followers of the Lamb of God.

- 2 Out of great distress they came,
Wash'd their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow.
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

HYMN 118. C. M.

"This cup is the New Testament in my blood."
1 Cor. xi. 25.

- 1 THIS is the feast of heav'nly wine,
And God invites to sup:
The juices of the living vine
Were press'd to fill the cup. ✓
- 2 O bless the Saviour, ye that eat,
With royal dainties fed:
Not heav'n affords a costlier treat,
For Jesus is the bread.
- 3 The vile, the lost, he calls to them;
Ye trembling souls, appear:
The righteous in their own esteem
Have no acceptance here.
- 4 Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
The banquet spread for you:
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news;
Then I may venture too.

- 5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,
 And may obtain a place,
 Surely the Lord will welcome me,
 And I shall see his face.

HYMN 119. L. M.

" Strangers and pilgrims.—1 Pet. ii. 11.

- 1 WE'VE no abiding city here :—
 This may distress the worldling's mind,
 But should not cost the saint a tear,
 Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 We've no abiding city here :—
 Sad truth, were this to be our home :
 But let this thought our spirits cheer,
 We seek a city yet to come.
- 3 We've no abiding city here :—
 Then let us live as pilgrims do :
 Let not this world our rest appear,
 But let us haste from all below.
- 4 We've no abiding city here :—
 We seek a city out of sight ;—
 Zion its name ;—the Lord is there :
 It shines with everlasting light.

HYMN 120. C. M.

" I through the law am dead to the law."—Gal. ii. 19.

- 1 No strength of nature can suffice
 To serve the Lord aright ;
 And what she has she mis-applies,
 For want of clearer light.

- 2 How long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and distress !
I toil'd the precept to obey,
But toil'd without success.
- 3 Then, to abstain from outward sin,
Was more than I could do ;
Now, if I feel its power within,
I feel I hate it too.
- 4 Then all my servile works were done
A righteousness to raise ;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose his ways.
- 5 What shall I do, was then the word,
That I may worthier grow ?
What shall I render to the Lord ?
Is my inquiry now.
- 6 To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,
And hear his pard'ning voice,
Changes a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

HYMN 121. L. M.

" They shall look on me whom they pierced."
Zech. xii. 10.

- 1 GREAT God of Abra'am, hear our prayer ;
Let Abra'am's seed thy mercy share :
Oh ! may they now at length return,
And look on him they pierc'd, and mourn.

- 2 Remember Jacob's flock of old ;
Bring home the wand'ers to thy fold ;
Remember too thy promis'd word,
" Israel at last shall seek the Lord."
- 3 Lord, put thy law within their hearts,
And write it in their inward parts :
The veil of darkness rend in two,
Which hides Messiah from their view.
- 4 Oh ! haste the day, foretold so long,
When Jew and Greek (a glorious throng)
One house shall seek, one prayer shall pour,
And one Redeemer shall adore.

HYMN 122. C. M.

" In the Lord put I my trust."—Psal. xi. 1.

- 1 ETERNAL God ! the strength of all
Who put their trust in thee :
The saints, who for thy succour call,
Shall thy salvation see.
- 2 As thou didst guard Jerusalem
With thine Almighty hand ;
So hast thou put our foes to shame,
And kept our favour'd land.
- 3 Continue, Lord, our land to bless ;
Defend our Sovereign's throne ;
So may our hearts thy name confess,
And thee our safeguard own.

- 4 But, Lord, thy just and dreadful stroke
Did Salem's towers consume ;
Oh may we fear, lest we provoke
Thine ancient people's doom.

HYMN 123. C. M.

*" The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that
which was lost."—Luke xix. 10.*

- 1 PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (Oh! amazing love!)
He came to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining courts above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break ;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak !
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold ;
But, when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN 124. P. M.

"Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the Jubilee to sound—in the day of atonement shall ye make the trumpet sound."—Lev. xxv. 9.

- ✓ 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound !
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound :
The year of jubilee is come !
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !
- 2 Extol the Lamb of God,
The great atoning Lamb !
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim :
The year of jubilee is come !
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !
- 3 Ye, who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love :
The year of jubilee is come !
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !
- 4 The Gospel-trumpet hear,
The news of heav'nly grace :
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face !
The year of jubilee is come !
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

HYMN 125. P. M.

"For from the top of the rocks I see him."

Numb. xxiii. 9.

- 1 METHINKS I stand upon the rock
Where Balaam stood, and wond'ring look
Upon the scene below :
The tents of Jacob goodly seem ;
The people happy I esteem,
Whom God has favour'd so.
- 2 Their toils have almost reach'd a close,
And soon they're destin'd to repose
Within the promis'd land :
Ev'n now its rising hills are seen,
Enrich'd with everlasting green,
Where Israel soon shall stand.
- 3 Fair emblem of a better rest,
Of which believers are possest,
Beyond material space !
Methinks I see the heav'nly shore,
Where sin and sorrow are no more,
And long to reach the place.
- 4 In glory there the King appears ;
He wipes away his people's tears,
And makes their sorrows cease :
From toil and strife they there repose,
And dwell secure from all their foes,
In everlasting peace.

- 5 Sweet hope ! it makes the coward brave ;
It makes a freeman of the slave,
And bids the sluggard rise :
It lifts a worm of earth on high ;
Provides him wings, and makes him fly
To mansions in the skies.

HYMN 126. C. M.

" Thou, God, seest me."—Gen. xvi. 13.

- 1 ALMIGHTY GOD, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.
- 2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ
Against the judgment day.
- 3 And must the crimes that I have done,
Be read and publish'd there ;
Be all expos'd before the sun,
While men and angels hear ?
- 4 Lord, at thy feet ashamed I lie ;
Upward I dare not look :
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.
- 5 Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt ;
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

- 6 O may I now for ever fear
T' indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down ev'ry fault.

HYMN 127. C. M.

"Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."--2Cor.ix.15.

- 1 BLEST be the wisdom and the pow'r,
The justice and the grace,
That join'd in counsel to restore
And save our ruin'd race.
- 2 Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell;
And we, his children, thus were brought
To death, and near to hell.
- 3 Blest be the Lord, that sent his Son,
To take our flesh and blood:
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.
- 4 He honour'd all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobey'd:
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.
- 5 Behold him rising from the grave;
Behold him rais'd on high:
He pleads his merits there to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.
- 6 There on a glorious throne he reigns,
And, by his pow'r divine,
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of sin.

HYMN 128. L. M

"Escape for thy life."—Gen. xix. 17.

- 1 WHY should I say, "'Tis yet too soon
To seek for heaven or think of death?"
A flower may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may lose my breath.
- 2 If this rebellious heart of mine
Despise the gracious calls of Heaven,
I may be hardened in my sin,
And never have repentance given.
- 3 What if the Lord grow wroth and swear,
While I refuse to read and pray,
That he'll refuse to lend an ear
To all my groans another day!
- 4 What if his dreadful anger burn,
While I refuse his offered grace;
And all his love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place!
- 5 'Tis dangerous to provoke a God!
His power and vengeance none can tell:
One stroke of his Almighty rod
Shall send young sinners quick to hell.
- 6 Then 'twill for ever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace;
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my Maker's face.

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